

Production No. EABF11

The Simpsons

"'SCUSE ME WHILE I MISS THE SKY"

Written by

Dan Greaney and Allen Glazier

Created by  
Matt Groening

Developed by

James L. Brooks  
Matt Groening  
Sam Simon

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT ©2002 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD, OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION. DISPOSAL OF THIS SCRIPT COPY DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

THE WRITING CREDITS MAY NOT BE FINAL AND SHOULD NOT BE USED FOR PUBLICITY OR ADVERTISING PURPOSES WITHOUT FIRST CHECKING WITH TELEVISION LEGAL DEPARTMENT.

Return to Script Department  
20TH CENTURY FOX TELEVISION  
10201 W. Pico Boulevard  
Los Angeles, California 90035

TABLE DRAFT

Date 7/11/2002

NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY**"'Scuse Me While I Miss the Sky"**

## Cast List

HOMER ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 MARGE ..... JULIE KAVNER  
 BART ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
 LISA ..... YEARDLEY SMITH  
 PRINCIPAL SKINNER ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 ANIMATED SKINNER ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 DECLAN DESMOND ..... ERIC IDLE  
 STUDENTS ..... NANCY/YEARDLEY/TRESS/PAMELA  
 RALPH ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
 KRUSTY THE CLOWN ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 MILHOUSE ..... PAMELA HAYDEN  
 NELSON ..... NANCY CARTWRIGHT  
 GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE ... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 MARTIN ..... PAMELA HAYDEN  
 KIDS ..... NANCY/YEARDLEY/TRESS/PAMELA  
 GRAMPA ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 DR. HIBBERT ..... HARRY SHEARER  
 SAD VOICE ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 TECHNICIAN ..... DAN CASTELLANETA  
 ANNOUNCER (V.O.) ..... HARRY SHEARER



CLETUS . . . . . HANK AZARIA

BRANDINE . . . . . TRESS MACNEILLE

ALIEN . . . . . HANK AZARIA

'SCUSE ME WHILE I MISS THE SKY

by

Dan Greaney and Allen Glazier

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - AUDITORIUM - DAY

PRINCIPAL SKINNER stands at the podium.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Children, I remind you the school  
computers should not be used to access  
PrincipalSkinnerStinks.com,  
Skinnersucks.org, or Shavedskinner.edu.

ANGLE ON BART

holding a laptop.

BART

Well, he didn't say anything about  
Skinner-in-a-shredder.com.

Onscreen we see an animated Principal Skinner being  
**SHREDDED** (by a government-style paper shredder).

ANIMATED SKINNER

I don't negotiate with students.

(GETTING SHREDDED NOISE)

ANGLE ON SKINNER AT PODIUM

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Now today we have a special guest: a documentary filmmaker whose works include "Lost Luggage, Shattered Lives," and "Upskirt Dreams." Please welcome Declan Desmond.

An English filmmaker, DECLAN DESMOND, joins Skinner at the podium to mild **APPLAUSE**.

DECLAN DESMOND

Now, when you think of documentaries you probably think of the Maysles brothers and Barbara Koppel.

The students **STARE** at him blankly.

DECLAN DESMOND (CONT'D)

Well, they're not good enough to wipe my lens. Here's a look at my work. A film about Krustyburger...

The lights go down and a movie projects on the screen behind Skinner. (We see the following title in white letters on black:)

DECLAN DESMOND (CONT'D)

... "Do You Want Lies With That?"

STUDENTS

(INTERESTED NOISES)

(On a movie screen we see...)

**INT. KRUSTYBURGER - COUNTER - DAY**

A line of SPRINGFIELDERS, (including HOMER), wait to order food. Desmond stands in front of them, holding a microphone and talking to camera.

DECLAN DESMOND

Americans. They like their houses  
warm, their beer cold and their  
hamburgers drowning in mayonnaise with  
a limpid pickle for a life raft.

He turns to the people on line.

DECLAN DESMOND (CONT'D)

Does it bother you that Krusty uses  
mad-cow beef to save money?

HOMER

No, because they pass the savings onto  
me, the consumer. (SPASMODIC JERKING  
NOISES)

**ANGLE ON KIDS IN AUDIENCE**

They LAUGH happily. RALPH turns to LISA.

RALPH

That man's a dum-dum!

LISA

Hey, your dad's no Enrico Fermi.

(CHUCKLES, THEN TO HERSELF) Zing!

**ON SCREEN: INT. KRUSTY BURGER - TABLE AREA - DAY**

KRUSTY sits at a table with MR. TEENY, talking to camera.

DECLAN DESMOND (O.S.)

Aren't you ashamed to lend your  
likeness to sub-standard food?

KRUSTY

Hey, I give people a meat-like burger  
and some kind of cola, and they still  
get change back from their twenty.

DECLAN DESMOND (O.S.)

Well, your customers may be shocked by  
my footage of you stapling together  
abandoned, half-eaten burgers.

CUT TO:

Black and white hidden camera footage of Krusty furtively  
stapling together two half-eaten burgers.

KRUSTY

(CHUCKLES) Good as new.

CUT TO:

Krusty (in color) being interviewed. He picks up a burger.

KRUSTY

Hey, my customers will eat anything.  
Watch.

He lifts up Mr. Teeny's arm, rubs the burger in the  
monkey's armpit then hands it to an oblivious Homer, who  
eats it **VORACIOUSLY**.

HOMER

(INTRIGUED) Mm... chimplly  
irresistible.



**INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS**

The kids gaze in **GROSSED-OUT** admiration as the movie ends. Skinner takes the podium, **APPLAUDING**.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Powerful work. And now he's going to make a documentary about Springfield Elementary, which I assume will be a tribute to my zero tolerance for tomfoolery.

DECLAN DESMOND

Right. Now everyone, while I'm filming, please be yourselves. I want to see troubled children brooding, bullies doling out "what-for," and plain Janes sketching unicorns.

**ANGLE ON LISA**

sketching a unicorn. She **GASPS** and **CRUMPLES** it up.

MILHOUSE

What about us cool kids? Should we just "chill out"? (MAKES COOL GESTURE)

DECLAN DESMOND

You're doing great.

He turns to his CAMERAMAN, pointing to Milhouse.

DECLAN DESMOND (CONT'D)

(SOTTO) Stay with the dink.

**EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY**

Declan Desmond and his cameraman are filming the children playing. Desmond talks to camera.

DECLAN DESMOND

America is supposed to be a democracy,  
but in the schoolyard, cool rules. And  
Springfield's Machiavelli of the monkey  
bars is one Bartholomew Simpson.

REVEAL Bart, digging in the ground.

DECLAN DESMOND (CONT'D)

On today's royal agenda, digging up  
dirt clods to throw at his school  
chums.

BART

I chuck 'em at nerds, girls I like,  
whatever.

Suddenly a clod flies into frame and nails Bart in the side  
of his head.

BART (CONT'D)

Ow! (STARTING TO CRY) I'm telling!

He turns his head, humiliated, and waves the camera away.  
The CAMERA PANS OVER to NELSON, who has a pile of dirt  
clods next to him.

NELSON

Munch mud, Simpson!

The BULLIES and several other KIDS LAUGH at Bart. The  
CAMERA SWINGS BACK to Declan Desmond.

DECLAN DESMOND

And in a flash, Bart's glory has gone  
the way of England's masculinity.

(EFFEMINATE CHUCKLE)

The CAMERA PUSHES IN on Bart, SNIFFLING.

BART

(SNIFFLES, THEN) You're not gonna show  
me crying in your movie, are you?

DECLAN DESMOND (O.S.)

Oh, yes. In the movie, in the trailer,  
and on the poster... tears make  
careers, my friend.

**INT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - HALLWAY - DAY**

Milhouse and Ralph sit at a desk wearing hall monitor  
sashes. Declan Desmond and his cameraman film them.

MILHOUSE

It's a different kind of life being a  
hall monitor. When you leave home in  
the morning, you may be kissing your  
dolls goodbye for the last time.

Ralph **SNAPS** his monitor belt.

RALPH

I'm wearing ba-spenders!

Principal Skinner runs up, concerned, pulls Declan Desmond  
and the cameraman away and leads them down the hall.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

You should realize that our school is  
not all nitwits and Nelsons. Why don't  
I open a door at random...

He opens a door.

**CAMERA'S P.O.V. - INSIDE ROOM**

The room has been rearranged to look like a Masterpiece  
Theater set. Lisa sits in a leather chair by a fireplace.

(MUSIC: BACH BRANDENBURG CONCERTO Æ LA PBS)

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Why look, it's typical student Lisa  
Simpson.

Lisa looks up from her book in phony surprise.

LISA

Oh, hello. I've just been listening to  
("BACCCCH") Bach while reading at a  
sixth-grade level.

DECLAN DESMOND

(MILDLY INTERESTED) Indeed.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Hitting it off already! I haven't seen  
such a natural pair since half-sandwich  
and soup of the day.

He sits Desmond down across from Lisa.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER (CONT'D)

I'll just leave you two alone. (TO  
LISA, LOUD WHISPER) Remember, as far  
as he knows, we still teach math.

Skinner exits.

DECLAN DESMOND

Well, Lisa, I can't help but wonder if  
this is a bit of a put-on.

LISA

Why, whatever do you mean?

She puts her hands innocently behind her head, accidentally knocking over the bookcase and fireplace backdrop, which **ROLLS UP** like a window shade, revealing GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE asleep standing up, leaning against his mop. He wakes with a **START** and notices Desmond.

GROUNDKEEPER WILLIE

What are you looking at, ya toff?

He climbs out a nearby window.

DECLAN DESMOND

I see. You're trying to turn my documentary into a mockumentary. Or God forbid, a schlockumentary.

LISA

(APOLOGETIC CHUCKLE) Hey, you can't blame Principal Skinner for trying to feature his best student.

DECLAN DESMOND

And that's you?

LISA

(TAKEN ABACK) Well, I am a bit of a renaissance pre-tween. My interests include music, science, justice, animals, shapes, feelings...

DECLAN DESMOND

So you see yourself more as a "buffet-style" intellectual? Picking and nibbling until one day you're thirty-eight and managing a Barnes and Noble--

LISA

Hey, that's not going to happen!

DECLAN DESMOND

Lisa, I'm afraid you're a dilettante.  
Failing to choose is choosing to fail.  
Pick a path and follow it, or just grow  
up, slog your way through Wellesley and  
squeeze out babies.

LISA

Stop it! (POINTED) You're just a  
hyper-critical snob who takes joy in  
tearing people down.

DECLAN DESMOND

Exactly -- because I committed to it at  
an early age and stuck with it. Now  
I'm at the top of my craft. Look, I  
can roll my eyes one at a time.

One by one he rolls each eyeball back disdainfully.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - PLAYGROUND - DAY**

Milhouse talks to Bart.

MILHOUSE

Since Nelson nailed you, no one thinks  
you're cool anymore. Even that kid  
that wears diapers is more popular.  
And he ain't popular.

BART

.RESOLUTE) So? I'll bounce back. I  
always bounce back -- like that time I  
accidentally called Mrs. Krabappel  
"Mom".

They hear a **COMMOTION** and turn to see...

**ANGLE ON NELSON**

wearing a Mercedes hood ornament on a string around his  
neck. He is surrounded by **ADMIRING** kids.

MARTIN

What's that hood ornament doing around  
your neck?

NELSON

Snapped it off some jerk's car. I  
could go to prison for life, but,  
whatever.

KIDS

(IMPRESSED GASPS)

**ANGLE ON BART AND MILHOUSE**

watching Nelson enviously.

BART

Boy, that hood ornament sure is neat-o.  
(MOANS) I can't even talk cool  
anymore!

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

The FAMILY is eating dinner with GRAMPA. Bart and Lisa  
look depressed.

MARGE

(CONCERNED MURMUR) Is something wrong,  
kids? You haven't touched your  
Dinnerables.

REVEAL that everyone has large Lunchables-style plastic  
dinner trays, with food in each compartment. (Homer  
shovels food into his mouth with a red plastic rectangle.)

BART

(MOROSE) I used to be popular and now  
I'm not. All that's left for me is to  
become the biggest drunk this town's  
ever seen.

MARGE

Would it help if I went to school and  
told the kids how cool you are?

HOMER

Gee, Marge, why don't you just send him  
to school in a sailor suit?

MARGE

He would look cute. Mommy's little  
swabby!

BART

(MOANS)

Homer turns to Lisa.

HOMER

Lisa, what's bumming you out? They  
cancel a test or something?



LISA

Dad, my life lacks direction!

HOMER

It's a concern. A serious concern.

GRAMPA

Hey, I never chose a path. And because  
I kept my options open, I can finally  
do what I want.

LISA

And what's that?

GRAMPA

I'm gonna be an ice man. Or a pin boy.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Lisa rides her bicycle at top speed.

LISA

Gotta pick a career! Gotta pick a  
career!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL - DAY - ESTABLISHING**

Lisa's bike is leaning against the building.

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

LISA

Ah medicine -- what higher calling than  
to heal my fellow man?

She pushes through a door marked "OPERATING ROOM."

**INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

KRUSTY lies on the operating table as DR. HIBBERT works a  
liposuction machine (It is labeled "LIPOSUCTION").

KRUSTY

Okay, however much you sucked out of Al  
Roker, take double outta me.

DR. HIBBERT

Well, it's highly dangerous, but I get  
paid by the pound. (CHUCKLE)

KRUSTY

When you're done, save it. I sell it  
over the Internet. It's called "Funny  
Fat".

Dr. Hibbert **TURNS THE MACHINE UP** and Lisa backs out of the  
room.

LISA

(CREEPED OUT NOISE)

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY**

A sign reads "NOW WITH MULTI-ETHNIC CAVEMEN!". Lisa's  
bike sits out front.

**INT. MUSEUM - PALEONTOLOGY SECTION - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa walks by a Tyrannosaurus skeleton.

LISA

Hmm, maybe I could be an expert on  
dinosaurs.

SAD VOICE (O.S.)

Don't do it, little girl.

Widen to REVEAL a PONY-TAILED TECHNICIAN. (He is cleaning  
the skull of a smaller dinosaur.)

TECHNICIAN

I spent thirty years brushing the teeth  
of dead monsters.

Lisa moves on.

INT. MUSEUM - MINERAL EXHIBIT - LATER

Lisa stands by an exhibit of colorful crystals and geodes.

LISA

(READS PLAQUE) Formed by unimaginable  
heat and pressure deep inside the  
earth, minerals explode in a vast  
panoply of colors... ("FORGET IT") Eh.

She moves on. She wanders into another room and sits on a  
bench. Suddenly the lights go down, and individual stars  
start to appear against the dark ceiling.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Since the dawn of time, travelers  
looking for guidance have turned to the  
heavens.

The lights go down further and glorious constellations  
appear all around her. Lisa GASPS as each new one appears.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Polaris, the star of the north...  
Mighty Orion's Belt...

A huge band of thousands of stars appears. Lisa looks at  
it in wonder.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We have only scratched the surface of  
the universe. Who will discover the  
wonders that lie beyond our galaxy?  
Will it be you... or you...

With each "or you" a spotlight shines on a single seat.  
They are all empty.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...or you?

The light shines on Lisa.

LISA

That's it! Lisa Simpson, astronomer!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Now who will press my reset button?  
Will it be you... or you... or you?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. HOBBY STORE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A sign reads "TEENAGE PASTELAND -- SPRINGFIELD'S NO. 1 HOBBY SHOP".

INT. HOBBY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Homer and Lisa look at telescopes.

LISA

Ooh Dad, look at this one!

Lisa is admiring a beautiful wide telescope on a tripod.

HOMER

Sweetie, Daddy doesn't have enough  
money for that...

CLOSE UP OF LISA'S FACE - HOMER'S POV

She puts on her biggest pleading look.

HOMER (CONT'D)

...unless they take a check.

HOBBY SHOP GUY

(WISEGUY VOICE) We certainly do.

Homer pulls out a checkbook, writes a check and passes it to the Hobby Shop Guy.

HOMER

Boi-oi-oi-oinggg!

(Homer does a bouncing-ball hand movement.)

HOBBY SHOP GUY

Why'd you say that? Is your check  
gonna bounce?

HOMER

No, of course not!

Homer starts to walk away.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(MOCKING) Duh-uh-uh.

HOBBY SHOP GUY

Why'd you say that? Are you implying  
that I'm dumb?

HOMER

I have to go.

He runs out the door.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON**

The telescope is set up on a tripod. Homer looks through  
it.

HOMER

Oh my God! Space monsters are invading  
us!

Lisa looks quickly through the telescope, and points out  
the window.

LISA

Dad, those are caterpillars.

We see some CATERPILLARS **MUNCHING** on a leaf outside the  
window. Homer points to the telescope.

HOMER

Well, where do I twist this thing to  
make funny patterns?

LISA

Dad, that's a kaleidoscope.

HOMER

You may be a smart kid, Lisa, but you  
don't know much about not hurting  
people's feelings.

He walks off, upset.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DUSK**

Lisa looks through the telescope at the orange evening sky.  
She reads from an astronomy book labeled "ED McMAHON'S STAR  
SEARCHER". (We see a picture of Ed McMahon with a  
telescope.)

LISA

Okay... "At six twenty-two p.m., Venus  
will be visible at twenty-seven  
degrees..." Hiyo!

**TELESCOPE P.O.V.**

As the evening sky darkens, the crescent Venus slowly  
becomes visible.

LISA (O.S.)

(GASP) Oh, it's beautiful!

Suddenly, the lights at an arena rock concert just below  
the planet **SWITCH ON**, washing out the image.

MUSIC: DISTANT SURF ROCK CHORDS

LISA

Thanks a lot, (BITTER) surviving Beach  
Boys.

She points the telescope higher in the sky.

LISA (CONT'D)

Okay, Jupiter should be somewhere  
around here...

Suddenly the frame is washed out again as the bright star-  
motif neon sign for "The Starlight Motel" goes on. Lisa  
tilts the telescope down to the front door. We see MAYOR  
QUIMBY exit, wearing a sash that reads "MISS SPRINGFIELD"  
followed by a WOMAN in a bikini, wearing a sash saying  
"MAYOR". They quickly notice and switch sashes.

MAYOR QUIMBY

For three seconds there, you were  
legally the mayor.

MISS SPRINGFIELD

(HIGH PITCHED VOICE) And you was a  
girl, Joe.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - LATE DUSK

Lisa carries her telescope to the outskirts of town as the  
sunset glow fades. Every time she reaches a streetlight it  
flickers on, forcing her farther away from town.

LISA

(WEARY SIGH) Everywhere I go there's  
too much light.

She looks behind her and sees a lamp store labeled "YOU  
LIGHT UP MY ROOM" with blazing lamps inside.



LISA (CONT'D)

(BITTER MUTTER)

(She trudges on.)

EXT. MT. SPRINGFIELD - NIGHT

Lisa CLAMBERS up some rocks, HUFFING and PUFFING.

LISA

It should be dark enough to see the  
stars up here.

She pulls herself onto a bluff. The city below is awash in  
artificial light, which reaches all the way up to the sky,  
making it a starless orange soup. She YELLS down.

LISA (CONT'D)

You stole my stars, Springfield! No  
one ever wrote a poem about sickly  
orange barf-glow!

PROF. FRINK (O.S.)

I know how you feel, young lady.

Lisa looks up and sees PROF. FRINK above her, leaning down  
from a parapet of Springfield Observatory.

PROF. FRINK

What you are seeing is light pollution.  
For astronomers like me, this is a  
bigger problem, even, than getting a  
date.

LISA

We've got to do something. Maybe we  
can get people to sign a petition.

PROF. FRINK

Yes, but going door-to-door would  
require me getting a stain-free shirt.  
With the spin cycle and the lint trap  
and the nice laun-dry!

EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY - DAY

Nelson and the other cool kids hang out. Bart walks up  
holding a shiny object.

BART

Hey, check out this hood ornament I  
stole.

KIDS

(IMPRESSED NOISES)

Nelson examines it.

NELSON

That's not a hood ornament. It's a  
pacifier you spray-painted silver.

An angry MAGGIE toddles up, grabs Bart's "hood ornament"  
and walks off with it.

KIDS

(LAUGH)

NELSON

(OFF-KEY) Haw haw. Wait, that's not  
right.

He pulls out a pitch pipe and **BLOWS** in it.

NELSON (CONT'D)

(PERFECTLY) Haw haw!

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - DAY**

Lisa, holding clipboard and pen, stands outside a house.  
She **RINGS** the doorbell. Declan Desmond comes to the door.

DECLAN DESMOND

Oh look, it's Jill of All Trades. So,  
what's the ambition du jour?

LISA

(POLITE) I'm collecting signatures to  
bring back the night sky.

DECLAN DESMOND

Wow, the night sky. How'd you come up  
with that, tilt your head up?

LISA

Does it make you feel superior to tear  
down people's dreams?

DECLAN DESMOND

Yes. Does it make you feel smart to  
question people's motives?

LISA

Yes.

DECLAN DESMOND

(SNIPPY) Well all right then.

He haughtily signs her petition and **SLAMS** the door.

**EXT. HOUSE SHAPED LIKE A TUGBOAT - DAY**

The SEA CAPTAIN is at the door. Lisa is in front of him.

LISA

Hi, I'm trying to reduce light  
pollution.

SEA CAPTAIN

Arrr, I'd be happy to scrimshaw your  
petition.

He takes the petition and quickly does an elaborate  
signature which includes a nineteenth-century whaling  
scene.

**EXT. MOE'S BAR - DAY**

Moe stands in the doorway talking to Lisa.

MOE

Yeah, I'll sign -- light gives people  
hope, and that's bad for business. I  
need permanent midnight.

(He signs.)

**INT. ANDROID'S DUNGEON - DAY**

COMIC BOOK GUY is signing Lisa's petition.

COMIC BOOK GUY

The glare of those streetlights has  
badly faded my precious comic books.

He holds up a badly faded Green Lantern comic book.

COMIC BOOK GUY (CONT'D)

The Periwinkle Lantern? I think not.

**EXT. STEPS OF CITY HALL - NIGHT**

A large crowd is gathered. (Among them are all the people  
who signed, plus Marge.) At a podium at the top of the  
steps are Quimby, Lisa and Frink. Next to them on a table  
is a giant stack of signed petitions.

MAYOR QUIMBY

People of Springfield, I've heard your  
pleas.

Quimby **OPENS** a small fuse box on the side of the building.  
Inside are several circuit breakers and a large circular  
dimmer switch labeled "OUTDOOR LIGHTS".

MAYOR QUIMBY (CONT'D)

Whether you're an idealistic stargazer  
like Lisa, or a faded Southern belle  
who needs the forgiving cloak of night  
to seduce naïve young delivery boys  
with more pizza than common sense, I  
say Springfield will be the dimmest  
city in America.

Quimby **TURNS** the knob down, all the streetlights dim down  
to faint glows, and many stars become visible. Lisa points  
to the sky.

LISA

Look at the stars, Springfield! For  
eons, people have gazed at the skies  
and seen into their souls.

We **CUT AROUND** the crowd, pushing in on a face and seeing  
that person's version of a particular constellation. (This  
is accomplished by dissolving in lines between the stars.)

**ANGLE ON GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE**

He sees a rake.

**ANGLE ON MARTIN**

He sees an A+.

**ANGLE ON LENNY (STANDING NEAR CARL)**

He sees Carl's face.

ANGLE ON CARL

He also sees his own face.

ANGLE ON RALPH

He sees random shapes and scribble-scrabble.

ANGLE ON LISA

She sees the words "THANK YOU, LISA" written across the sky.

(BACK TO SCENE)

LISA

(GIGGLES) Oh, stop.

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

ON TV

KENT BROCKMAN reads the news. Behind him is a mortise of a starry sky.

KENT BROCKMAN

Look out, Matthew Modine and Karen  
Black! There are new stars in town --  
sky stars, now visible thanks to  
Springfield's latest cave-in to the  
astronomer lobby.

CUT TO:

BROCKMAN INTERVIEWING LISA AND FRINK

LISA

The best part is, next week we'll get  
to see the Splendid-id Meteor Shower.

PROF. FRINK

This only comes around every fifty of  
your earth years.

**INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Grampa, Marge and Homer watch the news.

GRAMPA

The last time those meteors came, we  
thought the sky was on fire!  
Naturally, we blamed it on the Irish --  
we hanged more than a few!

(He pulls his head back out.) We hear happy WHOOPS from  
outside. Marge goes to the open window.

MARGE

People really like the darkness.  
Listen to that cavorting.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

Nelson, the bullies, and other kids work their way down the  
darkened street with flashlights, bolt cutters, hack saws,  
etc. cutting off and stealing hood ornaments, and WHOOPING.

JIMBO

(WHOOP) This is great! It's darker  
than a French chick's armpit!

KEARNEY

The Jaguar hood ornament is perfect for  
taking off Mercedes hood ornaments!

(He uses a Jaguar hood ornament to remove a Mercedes hood  
ornament.)

**ANGLE ON BART**

walking down the sidewalk with a pair of pliers, examining  
cars as he passes them. Every car's hood ornament has been  
removed, (leaving loose springs, jagged rips, etc.)

BART

Every car's been harvested!

Desperate, he searches it for an ornament, then notices something and looks up. We see a glint in the distance, and hear swelling **GODFATHER-TYPE MUSIC** as a thirties-era Stutz Bearcat-style car with a gleaming gold-colored hood ornament depicting an ornate comet approaches in SLOW MOTION and passes a transfixed Bart.

BART (CONT'D)

Wow, that makes all other hood ornaments look like useless pieces of metal. I would die to get that.

The car stops and FAT TONY gets out of the driver's seat.

BART (CONT'D)

And I may have to.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREETS - MORNING**

We CUT around town as various Springfielders react to their missing hood ornaments.

**ANGLE ON APU STARING AT HIS FIREBIRD (FROM "TWO BAD NEIGHBORS")**

APU

My once-bitchin' Firebird has impressed its last babe.

**ANGLE ON KRUSTY STARING AT HIS ROLLS ROYCE**

KRUSTY

Someone snapped the tootsie off my Rolls. (DISGUSTED NOISE) I might as well be driving a friggin' Bentley!



ANGLE ON NED FLANDERS IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE

FLANDERS

(CLENCHED TEETH) Little mother-  
diddlies. We're gonna have to have a  
town meeting. And this time we don't  
invite Al Gore.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LUIGI'S TRATTORIA - EARLY EVENING

Fat Tony's vintage limo pulls up to the restaurant. Bart and Milhouse, wearing fake mustaches and red valet vests, hurry over. Bart opens the door for Fat Tony. (Behind them we see a hand-lettered sign that reads "VALET PARKING - 5¢". The "N" in parking is backwards.)

BART

Buona serra, Fat Tony. I park-a your  
car, the way mama used to do.

FAT TONY

Thank you. And may I say, your  
mustache looks thick and hearty. Fully  
Italian.

Tony gives the keys to Bart, then goes inside with his  
cronies. Bart reaches into the bushes and takes out a saw.

MILHOUSE

Are you crazy? You're gonna depreciate  
a Mafia Don's car? Your life will be  
worth less than an eighty-nine Ford  
Festiva!

BART

Hey, we're all gonna be murdered some  
day.

Bart looks over to the horizon. The sun sets and the sky  
goes dark (the streetlights don't turn on). Bart starts  
SAWING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STEPS OF CITY HALL - DAY

A large crowd of protesters led by the people whose cars  
were damaged is gathered. They hold signs that read,  
"DARKNESS=CRIME", "I'M PRO-LIGHT" and "LIGHTEN UP, LISA".

CROWD

(CHANTING) TWO-FOUR-SIX-EIGHT / IT'S  
TIME TO RE-ILLUMINATE!

We PULL BACK to see Quimby and Lisa watching this from...

INT. MAYOR QUIMBY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LISA

Mr. Mayor, you can't flip-flop on this!  
We'll miss the meteor shower.

MAYOR QUIMBY

Sorry Lisa, the people have spoken  
loudly and in rhyme.

He strides out of the room, Lisa behind him.

INT. LUIGI'S TRATTORIA - NIGHT

(The gangsters are seated, and there are drinks on the  
table.) LUIGI is taking the gangsters' orders.

LUIGI

What will you have, Johnny Tightlips?

JOHNNY TIGHTLIPS

I brought my own supper.

He holds up a sack with a question mark on it. Luigi rolls his eyes.

FAT TONY

Luigi, I appreciate your courtesy valet service. I made a note on your card in my Rolodex -- "Don't whack."

LUIGI

Thank you Fat Tony. (HUMBLE) But at the risk of enraging you by making you look stupid, (CRINGES) we no have valet parking.

FAT TONY

You mean -- that ten-year-old with a mustache was a phony?!

Fat Tony and his cronies run out of the restaurant.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

On the dark street, Bart stands on the bumper of Fat Tony's car, **SAWING** off the hood ornament. Milhouse stands beside holding a lantern.

MILHOUSE

You know Bart, I really like spending time with you.

BART

(ALL BUSINESS) Just hold the light.

Fat Tony and his cronies run outside. Milhouse quickly shuts off the lantern. The gangsters can't see the car in the near-dark.

LEGS

I can't see nuttin'.

LOUIE

Let's fire blindly into the dark.

Legs draws his gun, but Fat Tony pushes it down.

FAT TONY

No -- you might hit a made man. Or an  
Assemblyman on the take. Little Italy  
is filled with colorful characters.

**EXT. CITY HALL - FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS**

The door to the fuse box is open. Quimby stands in front  
of it with an anguished Lisa beside.

MAYOR QUIMBY

They want light? By God, they'll get  
light.

Quimby reaches for the dimmer switch and turns it all the  
way up, past "NORMAL" and "VEGAS" to "PERMA-NOON". We see  
all the streetlights in the background go on. The city  
glows and the sky is washed out by light.

LISA (CONT'D)

Noooo!

**EXT. FAT TONY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

The streetlights turn on brightly, making Bart and Milhouse  
completely visible. Fat Tony and his cronies see them.

BART/MILHOUSE

(SCREAM OF FRIGHT)

Bart drops the saw, leaving the hood ornament. They run  
away.

EXT. PARK BENCH - CONTINUOUS

A couple sits on the bench making out. The streetlight above them turns on brightly, and they see each other's repulsive faces and pull back, horrified.

SELMA

Hey, you're not Moby!

MOE

And you ain't Marge!

They look at each other for a moment, then shrug and go back to making out.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Homer, Lenny and Carl sit at the bar. Moe clears their drink glasses, mops up the bar and SQUEEZES the rag into a bottle marked "HOUSE WINE".

MOE

Okay you filthy booze-bags, it's past closing time. And if the cops ask, you just came from a Christmas party.

He sticks Santa hats on Homer, Lenny and Carl. They stagger out.

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Although it's nighttime, the streetlights have lit up the town like day. Homer, Lenny and Carl look around, confused.

LENNY

Hey, what happened? It's bright in the middle of the night.

CARL

You know what this reminds me of? My Icelandic boyhood.

HOMER

It's this new anti-crime dealie. The mayor turned the streetlights way up. My daughter Lisa feels really strongly about it.

LENNY

Pro or con?

HOMER

I'unno. What am I, Superdad?

They walk down the sidewalk and into a park. Around them, we see the following:

- 1) Patty and Selma under a bright streetlight on beach chairs, holding up reflective sun-tanning boards.
- 2) KIDS in pajamas and bathrobes playing on a playground. MARTIN wears a particularly sissified nightshirt and nightcap.

MILHOUSE

The Boogey Man's abolished. Millie's taking back the night.

- 3) Skinner and Krabappel stroll happily.

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

These lights have Mother so confused,  
she doesn't even know when my curfew  
is. (MISCHIEVOUS CHUCKLE)

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Would you like a sip of my cola drink?

PRINCIPAL SKINNER

Lord no -- she'll smell it on my  
breath.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Homer, Marge and Lisa walk down the brightly-lit street.

MARGE

This is so much better. I was never  
comfortable with the idea of night --  
with its after-hours clubs and possum  
activity.

LISA

But Mom, we won't be able to see the  
meteor shower, everyone's body clock is  
thrown off -- can't you see how wrong  
this is?!

HOMER

I love it. Man has finally beaten  
Nature to a bloody pulp.

A BAT flies out of a cave, looks at the sun, covers its  
eyes with one wing, then spirals helplessly down and  
crashes into the ground.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WISTFUL) I'll bet somewhere there's a  
horse drinking coffee.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - BRIGHT NIGHT - ESTABLISHING**

**CHYRON: "ONE WEEK LATER"**

**INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa walks down the stairs pulling a sleep-mask from her  
eyes. We see a bleary-eyed Maggie maniacally crawls in  
place with her head butted against a wall. Marge stands  
sleeping behind an ironing board. Her head jerks up.

MARGE

(CHEERFUL) I'm getting so much ironing  
done.

Marge pulls the shirt off the ironing board revealing a  
scorched iron mark. She hangs it on a garment rack filled  
with hanging clothes that have similar scorch marks.

LISA

Dad, look! This lack of sleep is  
making Mom and Maggie crazy.



HOMER

Don't you think you're overreacting,  
talking gumball machine?

Homer pours his beer over his head, **LAPPING** up the small  
amount that reaches his mouth.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CHEERFUL) Gettin' closer. (CRAZY  
LAUGH) My ears are so drunk.

**EXT. FAT TONY'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - BRIGHT NIGHT**

Fat Tony, Legs and Louie stand by his car. It is brightly  
floodlit from all sides.

LEGS

Hey Boss, how come you so worried about  
this ornament?

LOUIE

Yeah, what happened to your old  
"fuggehdaboutit" attitude?

FAT TONY

When Don Falcone was missing a button,  
he laughed it off. But his men sensed  
weakness, and two days later he was  
pushing up daisies at St. Dirtbag's  
cemetery.

LOUIE

So if that kid steals your ornament, me  
and Legs'll sense your weakness and  
kill you?

FAT TONY

I would be offended if you didn't

Fat Tony leaves and Legs and Louie stand guard, menacingly, by either side of the car. We PULL BACK to see a telescope matte.

INT. BART'S ROOM - BRIGHT NIGHT

Bart is watching the car through Lisa's telescope. Lisa enters.

LISA

Forget it Bart -- it's so bright out,  
you can't see anything in the sky  
except the Fox satellite.

Out the window we see a decrepit satellite, with loose shutters **FLAPPING** in the wind, held aloft by several balloons, drift by. (It has the FOX logo.)

BACK TO SCENE

He looks up from the telescope.

BART

No Lis, I've got my eyes on the prize:  
the hood ornament that'll make me  
hotter than Ricky Martin!

LISA

Bart, Ricky Martin is totally over.

BART

I knew that.

Bart yanks a Ricky Martin poster off his wall.

BART (CONT'D)

But I've gotta get that ornament. The  
only thing stopping me is those lights.

LISA

(GASP) Bart, I just realized -- we both want the same thing: darkness.

BART

Yes, sweet darkness. To cloak our shameful deeds.

LISA

Well, anyway, darkness. What we need is a plan... (RUBS CHIN) and I know just how to think of one.

She thinks for a moment.

LISA (CONT'D)

Okay, I got it. Let's go.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD NUCLEAR PLANT - BRIGHT NIGHT**

Bart, Lisa and Homer walk up to the locked door of the nuclear plant.

LISA

You can't have lights without power, and all the power comes from here.

BART

How'd you get Dad to go along with this?

LISA

In his sleep deprived state, he's very suggestible. Okay Dad, you are now playing patty-cake with Maggie.

Homer starts **SLAPPING** his palm against a panel that reads "PALM SCANNER".

MALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Palm recognized. Access granted!

HOMER

Aw... my baby's first words.

The door **SWINGS OPEN**.

**INT. NUCLEAR PLANT - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT**

Lisa and Bart stand before a large switch labeled "MAIN POWER".

LISA

Now I'll just push this switch to  
"Overload."

BART

Wait a minute, Lis. Are we really  
entitled to play God here?

Lisa pauses for a moment. Bart pushes past her and shoves  
the switch to overload.

BART (CONT'D)

The answer was "yes." You lose.

**EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

A surge of sparking **ELECTRICITY** moves down power lines from  
the plant in every direction.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET - CONTINUOUS**

One by one, the brightly lit bulbs in a row of streetlights  
**EXPLODE** in a shower of sparks à la "The Natural."

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD - WIDE SHOT - SEVERAL STREETS**

More and more streetlights get brighter, then **EXPLODE**.

**EXT. SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY BASEBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

Under the brilliant stadium lights, Groundskeeper Willie calmly rakes the grass near home plate. Suddenly, the lights surrounding the field start to blow out à la "The Natural."

GROUNDSDKEEPER WILLIE

Ach, look at all those shards. I'll  
catch em on my tongue for luck.

**EXT. POWER PLANT - CONTINUOUS**

Lisa, Bart and Homer walk out of the plant and look up at the star-filled sky.

LISA

It worked -- I've got my sky back!  
Dad, look!

Homer looks up.

HOMER

Night... glorious night... (SNORING)

Homer's head flops back as he falls asleep standing up. Suddenly Bart points at something.

BART

Uh-oh.

**HIS POV**

We see an **ANGRY** mob of Springfielders running towards them. (Some hold torches and flashlights.)

ANGRY MOB

There they are! / They stole our  
light.

KRUSTY

Let's get 'em!

FLANDERS

(THREATENING) May God have mercy on  
their bottoms!

He **SMACKS** a bible against his palm.

LISA

Death by an angry mob? I always  
thought I'd be shot at my inauguration.

BART

I hope Mom remembers I want my ashes  
dumped into the cafeteria spaghetti  
sauce.

Bart and Lisa hug each other in fear. Suddenly...

MOB

(GASPS) / Look!

The crowd stops and looks skyward.

#### ANGLE ON THE SKY

A meteor shower is in progress. First a few, then dozens  
of meteors shoot across the night sky in a really cool  
effect. The crowd stares in peaceful awe.

MOB (CONT'D)

So beautiful! / Not angry anymore.

MOE

I no longer want to kill... I wanna  
love.

He kisses a NURSE à la the famous World War II photo. The  
nurse **KNEES** him in the groin.

MOE (CONT'D)

Now I wanna kill again.

**MUSIC CUE: "VINCENT (STARRY, STARRY NIGHT)" BY DON MCLEAN.**

We CUT around town to various Springfielders enjoying the meteor shower.

**CLOSE ON CLETUS AND BRANDINE.**

CLETUS

That sky sure is purdy.

PULL BACK to REVEAL they are inside their roofless shack.

BRANDINE

I'm glad our roof done got repossessed.

**EXT. OBSERVATORY - NIGHT**

Frink stands outside. A meteor **LANDS** right at his feet. Frink examines it with a magnifying glass.

PROF. FRINK

Great glayvin! This meteor contains carbon-based molecules. I may be able to prove the existence of life in outer space.

A green ALIEN sticks its head out of a hole in the meteor.

ALIEN

Shut up.

The alien hops rapidly away like a frog, carrying the rock with it.

**EXT. FAT TONY'S MANSION - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Legs, Louie and Johnny Tightlips look up at the meteor shower. (The floodlights that had been shining on the car are now blown out.)

LEGS

Jeez, lookin' at that makes hijacking cigarette trucks seem pretty small.

LOUIE

(PHILOSOPHICAL) Yeah... we gotta  
start runnin' smack.

Behind them, in silhouette, we see Bart climb onto the hood  
of the car, **SNIP** off the hood ornament with a pair of bolt  
cutters, and sneak away. After a beat...

LOUIE (CONT'D)

Hey, ya ever wonder where nutmeg comes  
from?

JOHNNY TIGHTLIPS

I already told you, no.

**EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT**

The Simpson family, minus Bart, sit in lawn chairs, looking  
up at the meteor shower. (Marge holds Maggie.)

MARGE

This is even better than our  
screensaver. And I love our  
screensaver.

HOMER

I wish God had lived to see this.

Marge turns to Lisa.

MARGE

Sweetie, you did it. You reached for  
the stars and you took the whole town  
with you.

DECLAN DESMOND (O.S.)

Good show, Lisa.

We **WIDEN** to **REVEAL** that Declan Desmond is sitting next to  
Lisa, filming her as he speaks.



DECLAN DESMOND

You've succeeded, and I'm a big enough man to admit it. If I want pathos in my film, I'll have to put in more footage of Milhouse attempting to hit a baseball.

Suddenly, Bart sticks his head into frame, triumphantly holding Fat Tony's hood ornament.

BART

Check this out, tea bag! Bart's back on top!

Bart mugs happily for the camera with his trophy. Declan picks up a microphone and begins narrating.

DECLAN DESMOND

What the young boy fails to realize, in his fleeting moment of triumph, is that standing behind him is a large, angry Italian-American man.

BART

(SCARED NOISE)

We see Fat Tony looming behind Bart. He turns to Declan Desmond.

FAT TONY

Congratulations. Your documentary has become a splatter film.

Fat Tony chases Bart around as the meteors continue to fall, and we hear Don McLean continue singing "Starry, Starry Night" in the b.g.

FADE OUT:

THE END